24: Richardson H-4 (no date) 1929 NO6 Comanche NO6
(1854-1859) Texas

657 dolph B. Marcy of the United States Army, and Robert S. Neighbors, representing the Indian Department, were appointed to locate and survey the reservations and, after an extensive reconnaissance two tracts, one of four leagues on the Clear Fork of the Brazos and the other of eight leagues on the main Brazos were [131] located. The site of the Clear Fork or Comanche reservation is on the line of Shackelford and Throckmorton counties and that of the Brazos reservation, used by the sedentary tribes, is in Young county.

657 Thus did the Indian Department prepare to confine more
162 than a thousand nomadic savages on a reserve of a little more
000 than eighteen thousand acres. Today this land is the home of a
few stock farmers and ranchmen and probably not as many as
657 fifty people live on it. Compared with the vast stretches the Comanches has considered as their home this was indeed a parsimonious grant; but the state contended that the Indian problem should be entirely a Federal burden, the cession was regarded as a gift, and Texas was not in a liberal humor. Yet, since the cardinal idea underlying the reservation system was not simply to feed and care for the Indians but to teach them to become self sustaining, it is strange that the Federal Government undertook the project at such an obvious disadvantage. It was to be expected that a nomadic people would take more interest in stock-raising than in farming; but herds could not be maintained on so small a tract and white men soon came and laid claim to the adjoining range. [134] Furthermore, only a small part of the reservation lands were arable. Naturally the wild Comanches were loathe to accept such a cramped environment.

However, some of the Indians were in such desperate straits that they awaited with eagerness the establishing of the reservation. Chief Ka-tem-e-see went far out into the prairies to meet Marcy and Neighbors on their return from the reconnaissance in order to assure them that his followers were ready and anxious to [518] occupy the home they were expecting. Also, it may be observed in passing, that the chief was not at all reticent in talking Comanche politics and describing the different factions that prevailed among [643] the Penatekas (Honey-eaters), or Southern Comanche bands. But soon Chief Sanaco appeared before the commission to inform them

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
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Oklahoma

ents were, the teachers continued to accent the differences between the parents' behavior and what would be expected of the children when they left school. Dinning this into the children's ears for a dozen years or so without further plans for the future, the teachers sent them back to these same parents. Pride of parentage, pride of tribe, pride of language had been either destroyed or so badly weakened and eroded that the young Indian had nothing to step from with confidence.

Instead of seeking to make a place for himself, aiding his parents and tribe by using his training and education, the Carlisle Indian moved into his parents' camp. There, without self-respect and certainly with no hope for betterment lying ahead, he contented himself with living on his meager Grass Money and what lease money his allotment brought in, when and if it was rented.

At that time an agriculture lease brought in only $1.25 per acre, or $200 per year. In addition to the $200, the government required the lessee, as further compensation over the first five-year period, to fence the allotment with a four-wire fence with posts every rod, to break out a certain number of acres of sod for crops, to build a fourteen by twenty-eight box house with a shingle roof, and to dig and wall up a well at least forty feet deep, unless plentiful water was found at a lesser depth. Grass leases brought even less.

Land along the streams had been chosen by the Comanches for their allotments, and this gave them a monopoly on water, wood, and bottomland. Those with land along West Cache and Post Oak creeks also had a fine grade of sand to sell. These 160-acre tracts, one for each man, woman, and child living on a certain date in 1901, were the remnant of the millions of acres these Indians' forefathers had roamed over and ruled for many, many centuries.

No one expected the old ones to change their ways so radically as to try to learn to farm. But it was beyond my boyish understanding why the younger Indians fresh from school, some even with college rating, didn't try farming. Many of them had first class sandy-loam bottomland. They could look around them and see white families making a living on their upland farms, putting out orchards, and even adding a room to their houses now and then.

I discovered in time that a number of the old fellows were really going out of their way to be nice to me, and in lost pup fashion I responded. I thought little of it at the time, and took these friendships in my stride. Maybe I thought of them as my due. It wasn't

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
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there is little water. Where there is water, the sand becomes boggy. The old-time cowboy expressed it this way: "It'll bog a saddle blanket." There was possibly a half-mile of dry sand where wagons would sink halfway to the hubs. Red River sand is a round, or smooth, sand formed by the disintegration of soft sedimentary rock, and under pressure it gives way and slides. When walking in it, I have sunk up to my ankles. It is similar to walking in a bin of wheat.

In contrast, the streambed of the West Cache is made up of sharp granite sand washed down from the Wichitas. When you ford the stream, you scarcely sink at all in the wet sand, and in the dry sand you sink only an inch or two.

Crossing the Red River would have necessitated doubling up, hitching the oxen of two or three wagons onto one wagon. One time we bogged our lead wagon in a wide mudhole, and it required the combined horsepower of three wagons to get each one through. I saw this river crossing in 1906, and I imagine it had changed but little, except for being a half-mile wider. As the river's old gouge or ditch filled with sediment, the river had compensated by widening its bed.

The group of wagons carrying the lumber for Quanah's house must have spent close to a week making this river crossing. All the while they were dragging the loads of lumber through the sand, they were faced with the danger that an unexpected rise might come down the river. A rise of eighteen inches would have kept them busy saving the oxen and mules hitched to the wagon that was crossing; the loaded wagon would probably have sunk out of sight into the sand.

The next challenge was a creek, whose name I can neither remember nor find on any of my maps. It is a deep-banked stream but carries little water in the summertime. I helped survey this area of the Reserve before it was opened for homesteading in 1906. I have an unpleasant memory of a half-day's work we had with pick and shovel to get our supply wagon across. This crossing, which had then obviously been used for a long time, could well have been the old Fort Sill-Wichita Falls trail crossing, traveled in the eighties. The creek, as I remember it, is about five miles from the river crossing. I would guess that a full day was spent by the lumber haulers in fording this deep-banked stream.

Next the freighters would have encountered a bearcat with an ugly temper, Deep Red Run. This creek is a full-grown brother to the smaller one I have just described. Each has cut a miniature Grand